

Honey, I Shrunk the Vulcan by verizonhorizon

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Canon: Star Trek AOS

Pairing: James 'Jim' Kirk/Commander Spock

Rating: Teen [PG]

Word Count: 4,223

Summary: A transporter malfunction miniaturizes Spock. He's passed from crew member to crew member, but it's Jim he prefers. (And Jim prefers mini!Spock with him, too.)

"Move, move, move!"

Jim made a desperate leap for the transporter controls. Adrenaline pumping, he ignored the sweat dripping from his forehead in order to recall the proper sequencing. Red knob turned right. Gray bar down. Green button. Go! "Energize!"

He looked up at the transporter pad hopefully.

The anticipated beam hummed to life. It shimmered, but Jim couldn't make out a form. The lights and sounds faded away. And then...Spock wasn't there.

Spock wasn't there.

"No!" Jim yelled, slamming his fist down on the controls. According to the system readout, the transport had been successful. Stupid piece of junk. Jim stepped back just enough to deliver a swift kick to the control station.

"Captain!" Scotty protested, launching himself into the room to protect his ship.

"Where were you!" Jim demanded.

"I got here as fast as I could, Captain," Scotty assured. "That's why I gave ye the sequencing."

"Well it didn't work!"

Scotty looked from Jim to the transporter pad and back. "Oh no."

"Oh no?" Jim repeated. "We lose Spock, and you say 'oh no'?"

"He's not lost. He's just a wee, uh, wee."

"Huh?"

Jim pried himself away from the controls and finally got a look at the floor of the transporter platform. His jaw dropped. "Spock!?"

The little uniformed Vulcan waving the ta'al at him couldn't have been more than six inches, or 15 centimeters tall.

"Scotty, we shrunk Spock!"

"Captain, excuse me, but you shrunk Spock!"

Jim covered his face with his hands. "I shrunk Spock!"

Scotty leaned down to stare at the miniature Vulcan. "Are you all right, Mr. Spock?"

Jim knelt beside Spock. He made a questioning gesture.

"I am unharmed," came Spock's small voice. "I simply must adjust to my new parameters."

"It's all my fault," Jim said morosely.

"We'll fix him, Sir," Scotty promised.

Spock crossed his arms. "I need to debrief you about the mission, Captain. Perhaps you can assist me to my quarters while Mr. Scott attempts to reverse the effects of the transporter."

Jim swallowed. "Oh, uh, sure. How do you want to..."

Spock raised his arms up like a child indicating he wished to be picked up.

Jim reached out to grab Spock by the waist, but Spock nearly squawked, backing up quickly. "Captain--"

Thinking of a better approach, Jim cupped his palm and held it low. Seemingly satisfied, Spock hopped into his hand. Jim carefully stood up, trying not to rock his hand around too much. Spock lost his balance anyway, falling to a seated position and gripping Jim's thumb. He skin looked faintly green.

"Sorry," Jim apologized. "I'll try to hold it steady."

"That is not solely the source of my discomfort."

“Oh.” Jim thought about that. “Oh.” Spock’s touch telepathy. And hands were particularly sensitive... “Should I get a glove? Bones will skin me alive if I don’t stop by Sickbay anyway to have you checked out.”

Spock shook his head, though his cheeks and the tips of his ears were still tinged green.

“All right, he’ll come for you no matter where you are. I can’t count the number of times he’s hypo’d me right there on my own Bridge!”

“37.”

Jim shuddered. “Too many! Now hold on tight.”

Spock nodded, and Jim started walking slowly down the hall to the turbolift. Once inside, he couldn’t stop staring at Spock. He looked exactly the same as normal – just miniaturized! His hair still gleamed in the light. His hands were still long and graceful in proportion to the rest of his body. His pointed ears looked incredibly delicate. And yes, he was still blushing. It was adorable. Of course, Spock was always adorable to Jim’s eyes, but this was an excessive level of adorableness that Jim was not prepared to handle.

“Jim.” The squeaked admonishment was accompanied by a sharp pinch to Jim’s palm.

“Sorry!”

“I am somewhat discomfited by your appreciation when I am in this predicament.”

Jim smirked. “So I can only ogle you when you’re full-sized?”

“And off-duty,” Spock was quick to add.

“You’re smaller than the phaser in my pocket. I declare you unfit for duty.”

“It is against Starfleet regulations to treat officers differently due to their shape or size. And,” Spock added, “That had better not be a euphemism.”

A laugh bubbled up Jim’s throat. “Spock, I’m not discriminating against you. I’m protecting you.” The lift came to a halt, and Jim curled his fingers in to make sure Spock didn’t slip from his hand.

Still wobbling, Spock’s glare lost its edge. “I admit to a moment of vulnerability. I apologize for doubting your intentions.”

Jim waved it off with his other hand, walking to the officers' quarters. "Believe it or not, most people would find your situation traumatizing."

"I am not most people, Captain."

The doors to Spock's quarters hissed shut, leaving them alone. "I know." Jim breathed in the warm, dry air the vents were programmed to cycle through the Vulcan's quarters. He lowered his hand over the desk so Spock could hop down.

Immediately, Spock made his way to the nearest PADD, which Jim noted was taller than Spock himself. He braced two hands against the power button, and the screen flickered on. Undaunted by his small stature, Spock proceeded to use the knobs and buttons to bring up the report he was looking for. Jim just stared, equal parts awe and guilt gnawing at his gut.

"I have procured a list of needed supplies for Valentine Alpha," Spock said, his size raising the pitch of his voice. "Because they are both new members of the Federation and a new reestablishment colony, they are requesting additional staff support."

"And resource diversion, I'm sure."

Spock turned to Jim and nodded. "Indeed."

"I'm sorry!" Jim blurted out. Jim aggressively laid his head on the table in contrition. It was hard to look Spock in his itty bitty yet ever acute eyes. "I know this mission is important to you, because of it being a re-colonization thing for an at-risk population. And now...I ruined it. The Enterprise was dispensed especially for the mission mostly because of you, and then I go and shrink you! You can't lead the mission like this!"

Twin tiny eyebrows furrowed. "Why not?"

Cheek flat on the desk, Jim peeked an eye open to see Spock watching him. "All sorts of reasons! You could get squashed! You could get trampled! And--"

"And what?"

"And you look ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous," Spock repeated flatly. "Deserving or inviting derision or mockery. Captain, the only one appearing ridiculous in this moment is you. I am perfectly functional, and my visage has not changed except in stature."

Jim squeezed his eyes shut. "You're seriously insisting on this?"

Jim peeked again and got a sideways view of Spock crossing his arms. "I am."

“I have two conditions. For your safety, you must remain with another member of the crew at all times. Got it?”

“Understood, Captain. And I will endeavor not to get ‘squashed’. And the second condition?”

“Bones gives you the a’okay.”

“Jim!”

“I’m not taking illogical risks with your health. If you’re deemed fit for duty, I’ll take you down to Valentine Alpha myself.” Jim applauded himself for his plan. There was no way Bones would clear a six-inch officer to remain on duty, much less lead an away team!

“Very well.” Pacified, Spock came even nearer and stroked his hand along Jim’s eyebrow.

The gesture was soothing and a definite signal to shed their ranks and just be Jim and Spock.

Jim's eyelashes fluttered closed. He wished he could hug Spock, but getting petted by his mini almost-lover was pretty nice, too.

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“Walk us to the center podium.”

“Greet Vice Counselor Mimik before Counselor Garnett.”

“Sign my name on this requisition order.”

“Do not eat the red leaf.”

Jim could not believe that Bones had cleared Spock for duty! And here they were on Valentine Alpha, conditions met, with Jim chauffeuring his First Officer around on his shoulder!

“You’re like a bird, perched up there,” Jim said under his breath during the lunch break, taking care to avoid the red leaf in his salad.

“And as the expression goes, you are eating like a bird, Captain. Are you quite well?”

"I'm just peachy." Jim nearly yelped at the sudden pinch to his ear. "I'm just not hungry, scout's honor."

“Jim,” Spock said, lowering his voice to an almost inaudible decibel, “I apologize if you feel used during this mission. Despite the conditions you set, you are not obligated to be the one to provide for my ambulatory needs. You are free to go back to the ship to work on Pike’s assignment, if you’d prefer.”

“What would you prefer?”

There was no response right away, so Jim passed up a piece of the pink fluffy candy he’d been given for dessert. It was very similar to cotton candy. “Try this.”

Jim couldn’t see him, but he could feel Spock settling into a more comfortable position on his shoulder.

“It is very sweet.”

Jim grinned. “Just like you, sweetheart.”

There was a slight rustling, then Jim felt Spock insinuate a hand under his black turtleneck, connecting with skin. Jim tried to imagine what the racing pulse in his neck felt like to a pint-sized Vulcan. He made a piddling attempt to calm his heart rate, but it was always impossible when he was flirting with Spock.

Flirting with Spock.

When had that started being a normal thing he did?

He couldn’t remember the precise stardate.

But he definitely remembered when Spock starting flirting back.

Spock had always had a sharp wit and no compunction against using it on Jim. But when he starting using his stunning command of Standard to shift banter into compliments and – Jim still couldn’t get over it – sexual innuendo, Jim knew he was done for.

“I would prefer you stay here.”

With me.

“The seat of your shoulder afford me the authority I lack in my present height.”

Oh.

Flash! Click!

Jim blinked as a series of camera flashbulbs went off in his face.

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“What did you do to your First Officer, Kirk?!”

“Admiral Pike, Sir, I was not expecting your comm. I’m almost done with the reports you asked me to do.”

“Jim Kirk, why is this picture circulating the tabloids?”

On the screen, Pike’s face was replaced by a flashy page entitled Federation FlashTalk. There was a picture of the new minister of defense dressed as...a Klingon? Oh dear. Another picture showed a famous holovid star getting arrested. And then, at the bottom, there was a picture of Jim with Spock perched on his shoulder – except Spock was edited to have green feathers and Jim had a pirate hat on his head. Captain Jim and his Pirate Commander arrrrgh in a fix on Valentine Alpha! Jim started to laugh.

“It’s not funny, Kirk!”

“Why are we on the bottom of the page? That’s cover work.”

“JIM!”

“Look, the mission went fine, but we had a little mishap with the transporter, and I – I mean it – shrunk Spock.”

“I fixed you up with my most promising commander, and this is what you do to him? Fix it, Kirk. Fix it fast.”

“Aye, Sir. I want him full-sized,” Jim said earnestly, but he couldn’t help a small snicker. “Trust me.”

Pike’s eyes narrowed. “Don’t need to know. Don’t want to know. Why’s he off-ship in his condition anyway?”

Jim sighed. “Why do you think? You’ve met him.”

“Right. Well, be careful with him, Jim.”

“He’s not brand new,” Jim joked, time turning dark memories fonder. “Though often he is fresh.”

“You’re always fresh with me, and I haven’t peeled the stripes off your arm yet.”

“Thank you for that, Sir.”

“Hmph. Pike out.”

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“I am perfectly capable of carrying on with my duties as First Officer.”

Spock really was fresh to bring this up on the Bridge of all places, as they warped away from Valentine Alpha. Jim pinched his forehead and waved Spock on. “Permission granted, as long as you are paired with an officer at all times.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Captain.”

Jim turned to his Chief Engineer.

“Mr. Scott, how is the transporter?”

“She’s coming along. I could use the Commander’s help, if he’s available...” Scotty trailed off, looking between Jim and Spock.

“By all means, Mr. Scott,” Spock said.

And moments later, Jim was swiveling his chair to watch Spock exit the Bridge on a new shoulder. He did not watch forlornly.

“Keep true, Mr. Sulu.”

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“Mr. Scott, there is no need to shout when I am within earshot by several millimeters.”

“Sorry, Sir!” Scotty shouted in apology over his shoulder, voice booming in the small, enclosed space under the transporter. They were in the crawl space there because Scotty thought he’d spotted a problem with the hardware.

Spock was regretting his choice to come along. He was not proving to be helpful (getting in the way more often than not), and Mr. Scott was not as mindful of his small charge as Jim had been.

“You see a blue light in there?”

Spock tried to be nimble as he cautiously wandered further into the ship’s hardware. Exposed wires were much too close, however.

“I see it.”

“It shouldn’t be glowing blue.”

“Can you repair it?”

“Sure, sure! Probably! Maybe. I don’t know. It’ll take a while.”

A modified wrench bigger than Spock’s present form rushed by, making him stumble. He tripped on one of the exposed wires.

He saw the modified wrench start to ignite.

“Mr. Scott, wait!”

This was not a safe place to be.

The Captain was going to be very disappointed in him.

“Wait!”

The large hand holding the wrench froze. “Was that you, Mr. Spock? Are you okay?”

“Get me out of here,” Spock ordered. In his present diminutive state, the outcome of getting electrocuted was not something he wanted to contemplate. “It is evident that this work is too dangerous for my current circumstances. Please return me to the Captain.”

“Aye, aye. No problem.”

Spock held his breath as Scotty plucked him out of the bowels of the transporter.

“Oh, Ensign!” Scotty declared.

Chekov was standing there.

“Here, take the Commander. He wants to go to the Bridge. I need to stay here and work on the transporter.”

Spock tried to speak up. “Yes, Mr. Chekov, if it is not in interference of your duties...” But neither crewman was paying him direct attention.

“That’s why I’m here! I volunteered to fetch the Commander after my shift. But I stopped in the officers’ mess because Tania was there...”

“Tania! Good for you!”

“She is so beautiful. But time escaped me. They are waiting for Mr. Spock on the Bridge!”

“Better hurry then, lad,” Scott advised.

Chekov secured Spock against his chest, then started running down the corridor. The pace was frighteningly fast. “I’m sorry I’m running, Commander!” Chekov said.

At breakneck speed, they swerved into the turbolift. Chekov keyed in the code for the Bridge.

Spock’s head finally stopped spinning and he was able to regain his bearings. “Mr. Chekov, kindly put me down. While I appreciate the offer, I will find my own--“

Bing!

“We’re here!”

The doors opened, and Chekov rushed to the central command seat and plopped Spock down on it. “All set, Commander!” He gave a brief salute and ran back to the turbolift.

Spock was dizzy. The experience of being carried across the Enterprise like an express delivery had been most unpleasant.

He curled in on himself protectively. He knew the picture he must make: a child’s doll in the Captain’s chair. For the first time since the transporter malfunction, he worried about his role as First Officer.

“Spock, are you okay?”

Spock was tired of people asking him that. But Uhura meant well.

“Maybe we should call your relief? When did you last sleep since this ordeal began?”

Spock was torn between being irritated at her mothering and simply letting her take care of him. After being carted around so fast, he was tired, and still dizzy. His whole center of balance was off. Perhaps meditation would be prudent, after all. "A respite would be welcome," he allowed.

His relief officer came quickly, and soon enough he was balancing himself on Uhura's steady moving shoulder, holding tightly onto the fabric of her uniform.

He was surprised when they arrived at her quarters, not his.

He was even more surprised to be placed on her bed, while she started changing out of her uniform.

"I figured you could rest here. I'm off duty, too. That's okay, right?"

It was not okay, but Spock considered his response carefully. They had once been intimately acquainted, it was true. So perhaps protesting would be making too much of a simple thing like rest. He did not want to inadvertently hurt her feelings or risk their friendship over a misunderstanding.

But when she reached out to try to take off his shirt, Spock's decision was made.

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"No, scan in delta mode first," Spock corrected.

Sulu glared at him. "Yes, Sir."

"Not gamma. Delta."

"Yes, Sir," Sulu grated.

Spock was walking along the helmsman's console on the Bridge, giving him excellent guidance. He could not fathom the surliness his attempts at instruction were met with.

"Mr. Sulu," Jim called, "Lay a new course. The headings are being transmitted to us."

Sulu moved his hand to access the course setting module.

Spock shook his head.

"What now, Sir?" Sulu whispered angrily.

"You should import the headings before opening the course menu."

“The sequencing doesn’t matter,” Sulu hissed, no longer gentling his response with a tacked on ‘sir’. “You’re hovering over me, telling me what to eat first on my plate!”

Sulu’s voice rose loud enough to get the Captain’s attention.

Jim approached them, leaning casually against the console. “Problem, gentlemen?”

“No, Sir,” Spock said.

“Yes, Sir,” Sulu said at the same time. “The Commander is hovering. He’s criticizing my every move. That inertial dampener thing was one time! One time!”

“Easy there,” Jim soothed, frowning. “I don’t know what inertial dampener thing you’re talking about, but I think you two need a break from each other. Spock...”

Jim kneeled in invitation, just at the right height for Spock to get on his shoulder if he chose.

Spock begrudgingly accepted.

Jim went back to sit in the command chair with Spock, and this time, sitting there felt right.

The arm console beeped with a message. “This is the Captain,” Jim answered pleasantly.

“Who else would it be?” Bones asked at the other end of the connection. “Listen, I finished preparing the last batch of vaccines. When we get to Two Hearts, they’ll be ready to get beamed down.”

“Fast work, Bones!” Jim praised. “Knew you could do it.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Hey, I have another proposal for you. I’m about to head to my quarters for gamma shift, so how would you like to hang out with a good friend of mine? He’s cute, but he’s trouble.”

Jim winked at Spock.

Spock and Bones replied in unison, “No!”

“Absolutely not.”

“Quit goin’ around your ass to get to your elbow, and take care of the green-blooded Lilliputian yourself.”

Jim's smile widened. "I can really feel the love today. Thanks everyone." He turned to Spock. "Shall we?"

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Jim woke up some time in the middle of gamma shift. He'd only been asleep for about an hour. He padded around the sleeping partition to see a lamp turned on by his bookshelf, creating a dim glow in the otherwise dark room. Spock was there, reading one of Jim's paper books. He was casually stretched out on his stomach, flipping the page of a book that was bigger than he was. The sight stirred at Jim's heartstrings. Although Spock was incredibly precious in miniature, Jim wanted him back to normal. He wanted to curl up next to Spock on the soft carpet and listen to his deep voice read one of Jim's favorite childhood stories aloud.

Jim had barely moved forward when Spock noticed his presence. "You should be sleeping."

"And you should be six feet tall."

"Are you implying a correlation between your inability to sleep and my condition?" Spock seemed genuinely curious.

Jim sat cross-legged next to Spock, and leaned back against the bookcase. "Yeah."

"I do not blame you," Spock pointed out.

"It's not just that. Even if I hadn't been the one at the controls, I'd still be like this." Jim took a deep breath and made himself say what he wanted to say without any sarcasm or joking. "You're really important to me."

Spock sat up away from the book and made a beckoning gesture. Jim held out his hand and Spock curved his body to Jim's palm. "You're important to me, too."

"I think Pike knows something's up between us." Jim figured he should mention it, in case Spock had any plans to balk at public acknowledgement.

"Is that so?" Spock asked, sounding falsely innocent.

Jim's jaw dropped a little. "You talk to Pike about me?"

"Would you rather I talk to Lieutenant Uhura?"

Jim made an overdramatic shudder. "Ugh, no. But on that note, what was up with you two earlier?"

“She was overly presumptuous with my person.”

“I know a lot of people who would love for her to be presumptuous with their persons.”

“Jim,” Spock said, his tone a warning and admonishment.

Jim chuckled. “Just saying. Like, oh, a certain Chief Engineer...”

“He also likes her?”

“What do you mean ‘also’?”

But Spock ignored him and continued speaking. “My experience with him today was no less daunting, in its own way. My assistance was superfluous, as he had the repairs well in hand. Furthermore, my size is not optimal for established safety parameters when working with ship machinery.”

“Are you saying you got hurt?”

Jim’s hand spasmed, and he leaned down to closely inspect Spock.

“No, though there was a non-zero chance of--”

“We’ve got to supersize you.”

“Chekov is impressively youthful and fast – much, much too fast.”

“Did he drop you?” Jim gasped.

“No, although I went through a period of severe lightheadedness and vertigo.”

“As long as you’re this size, you’re not going to be paired with him.”

“And Sulu did not appreciate my criticisms the way you do.”

“What can I say? I’m unique in being a sucker for bossy babysitters. Isn’t that what Pike tells you when you have your little gossip sessions?”

“Do be quiet.”

Jim was laughing so hard now that his hand was shaking.

Spock climbed free onto Jim's upraised knee and said imperiously, "Jim. Shut up."

Jim made a show of zipping his lips, though his smirk remained firmly in place.

On Jim's knee, Spock was close enough to place his small hands on either side of Jim's lips. He moved forward and lightly pressed his lips to Jim's.

Jim was surprised by how, despite their mismatched proportions, he was still moved by the kiss. It wasn't that it made him aroused. It was that it took the giddy anticipation he always had around Spock and gave it somewhere to settle, warm and tender around his heart.

"Of anywhere on the ship I could be, with anyone, I prefer to be here. With you."

Jim felt the same.

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"Ye boys ready?"

"Mr. Scott, are you certain the Captain's presence is required on the transporter pad?" Spock asked for the third time.

"Yeah, is this gonna work?" McCoy added, running his medical tricorder over Spock one more time.

"Yes. See, I've programmed the transporter to recognize Jim's signature and use it to reinterpret Spock's. We'll beam them out, then beam them back, both the same size."

Jim glanced warily at Chekov. "You think this'll work?"

"Aye, Captain, it should."

Jim shrugged and looked to Spock, who nodded back. They were ready to try. "Engage."

"Good luck, Sirs," Uhura offered, standing at the controls with Scotty.

Jim's vision became filled with light.

For a moment, he was in flux. He was neither here nor there.

And then, the light of the transporter beam disappeared.

It was over.

He was still looking at Spock to his left. When the light cleared completely, he cheered. Spock was the same size as him! It must have worked! “All right!”

And then he turned toward his officers.

He saw shoes. And calves.

He slowly looked up, up, up, up.

Oh no.

“CAPTAIN!”

There was a lot of commotion. Scotty was nearly in tears. Uhura and Chekov were opening up the transporter console and arguing about its components. McCoy had scooped up the miniaturized command team and took them to his office in Sickbay, where he placed them on his desk.

“You two will stay right here while we sort this out. And no canoodling!”

After he left, Jim slumped down. He’d been shrunk! As Spock had learned firsthand, it just wasn’t possible to run a starship at such a small size. He was confident his crew would figure it out, eventually. But in the meantime, what was he supposed to do?

“Jim, what is canoodling?”

Jim’s dejection ebbed. He turned a sly look to Spock, who was waiting for Jim’s reply.

“How about I show you?”

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“What fresh Southern hell is this!? On my desk, Jim!? Really!?”

The End